José Carreras



THE DUBLIN GRAND OPERA SOCIETY

presents

JOSÉ CARRERAS

Tenor

in

The William O'Kelly Memorial Recital

with

VINCENT SCALERA

Accompanist

at

The National Concert Hall

on

SUNDAY, 11th NOVEMBER, 1984

at 8 p.m.

José Carreras

Not many singers can have made their operatic debuts in an international house at the age of eleven, but this was the case with José Carreras. It was no small undertaking, moreover, for he sang the role of El Trujimán, the boy narrator in Falla's *El retablo de Maese Pedro*, whose music is so difficult that it's more frequently entrusted to a high mezzo. This debut took place in young José's native Barcelona, the largest opera house in Europe, with José Iturbi conducting.

Boy sopranos, of course, are likely to end up as bank clerks or even music critics, so there was no guarantee that there would be an adult Carreras career. In this instance, however there was unusual power in the juvenile will. At the tender age of six he was taken to see *The Great Caruso*, and as soon as he returned home from the cinema he started marching round the house singing arias. While most kids indulge in fantasies of this nature, only in the rarest cases do such fantasies become reality. Carreras was the fortunate exception which proves the rule: his debut as a boy soprano at eleven was followed by his tenor debut in the same opera house in 1969 at the age of twenty two. In between he had been encouraged by his mother to take up music seriously, first studying the piano and then, when at 18 he appeared to be developing a good tenor voice, operatic singing.

In his Liceo debut season 1969-70, he sang the tiny part of Flavio in Caballé's first *Norma*. Usually one scarcely notices a Flavio, but this one was different: a few bars of heightened recitative, which is all the poor devil has, were sufficient to reveal a seductive voice of liquid tone reminiscent of the young di Stefano. Already there was no doubt that a new star was waiting on the launching-pad for the right opportunity. This came during the 1971-72 season at the Liceo, when Caballé chose him for the leading tenor role in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Carreras always stresses the debt he owes to this diva, who was also born in Barcelona, for it was her confidence in him which gave him confidence, and status too. He found another champion in the impressario Denny Dayviss, who brought him to London in 1971 to sing in her all-star *Maria Stuarda* at the Royal Festival Hall with Caballé and Verrett as the rival queens. Also in 1971, Carreras won the much coveted Verdi competition at Parma, although he had never studied in Italy. And in view of the mythology surrounding singing

teachers, it is worth noting that Carreras, who is universally regarded as an excellent technician, has only studied with an amateur singing teacher in Barcelona.

Carreras learnt much of the tenor repertoire at the New York City Opera with the conductor Julius Rudel and the stage director Tito Capobianco. By 1974 he was ready for the big houses: Covent Garden, with Ileana Cotrubas in *La Traviata,* then Vienna and La Scala — the rest, as they say, is history.

He is the stuff of which operatic idols are made, a singer blessed with as beautiful a lyrical voice as you will hear anywhere in the world today, a highly polished stylist and a most attractice stage personality.

A prolific recording artist, apart from a number of recital albums his more than 36 complete opera recordings to date include Verdi's *Un giorno di Regno, Il corsaro, Macbeth, I due Foscari, La battaglia di Legnano, Simon Boccanegra, Un ballo in maschera, Aida, Stiffelio, Il trovatore, Don Carlos,* Rossini's *Elisabeth, Regina d'Inghilterra, Otello, Lucia di Lammermoor* (original version), *Turandot* (twice), *Tosca* (twice), *La bohème, Cavalleria rusticana, Pagliacci, Werther, La Perichole* and *Carmen.* Video films include *Don Carlos, La bohème* and *Carmen.* He has just been made a Kammersänger of Austria.



Vincent Scalera

Vincent Scalera was born in New Jersey, U.S.A. and obtained a degree in piano from Manhattan School of Music, New York. Making music stems from the roots of his Italo-American ancestry and since his arrival in Italy in 1979 he has worked as coach and pianist at Milan's Teatro alla Scala. In America he previously worked as repetiteur with the New Jersey State Opera. Besides opera, he had dedicated himself to chamber music as pianist and harpsichordist. At the harpsichord he has recorded the sound track of the film of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* under the direction of Claudio Abbado and most recently collaborated in the recording of Rossini's *Il Viaggio a Reims,* also with Abbado. In recital he has accompanied many of the most celebrated opera singers, including Martina Arroyo, Carlo Bergonzi, Montserrat Caballé, Leyla Gencer and Katia Ricciarelli, among others.

Recital Programme

FOUR ITALIAN ROMANCES		
	Malia	Tosti
	Non t'amo più	
	Vorrei morire	
	Aprile	
TWO NEAPOLITAN SONGS		
	Occhi di fata	Denza
	Se	
SONG		
	Nebbie	Respighi
ARIA		
	O Paradiso	Meyerbeer

Interval

ARIA		
	È la solita storia	Cilea
SEVEN SPANISH POPULAR SONGS		
	El paño moruno	De Falla
	Seguidilla murciana	
	Asturiana	
	Jota	
	Nana	
	Canción	
	Polo	
ARIA		
	No puede ser	Sorozabal

Programme Notes

FOUR ITALIAN ROMANCES

Malia — *R. Pagliara*
Non t'amo più
Vorrei morire — *Cognetti*
Aprile — *R. Pagliara*

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Tosti was born at Ortona sul Mare in the same year as Denza, and likewise studied in Naples under Mercadante, later assisting his master as a teacher. He went to Rome in 1869 and wrote songs which no-one would publish until Giovanni Sgambati recognised his talent and organised a concert for him. There Princess Margherita di Savoia, the future Queen of Italy, heard his songs and appointed him to be her teacher of singing. When Tosti came to London in 1875 he was well received and became teacher of singing to the Royal Family. He wrote many songs that became extremely popular, using Italian, French or English texts. *Non t'amo più* is dedicated to 'Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale'.

Malia
Cosa c'era ne'l fior che m'hai dato?
Forse un filtro, un arcano poter!
Ne'l toccarlo, 'l mio core ha tremato,
m'ha l'olezzo turbato 'l pensier!
Ne le vaghe movenze che c' hai?
Un incanto vien forse con te?
Freme l'aria per dove tu vai,
spunta un fior ove passa 'l tuo piè!
Freme l'aria *ecc.*

lo non chiedo qual plaga beata
fino adesso soggiorno ti fu:
non ti chiedo se ninfa, se fata,
se una bionda parvenza sei tu!
Ma che c'è ne 'l tuo sguardo fatale?
Cosa c' hai ne 'l tuo magico dir?
Se mi guardi, un'ebbrezza m'assale,
se mi parli, mi sento morir!
Se mi guardi *ecc.*

Enchantment
What was there in that flower which you gave me?
Perhaps a love-potion, a mysterious power!
As I touched it, my heart trembled,
its perfume troubled my thoughts!
What is there in your delicate movements?
Perhaps you are surrounded by a magic charm?
The air quivers wherever you go,
a flower springs at your feet as you pass!
The air quivers *etc.*

I do not ask which blessed region
has been your abode up till now;
I do not ask whether you are a nymph, a fairy,
or a fair apparition!
But what is there in your fateful glance?
What is there in you magical words?
When you look at me, rapture overwhelms me,
when you speak to me, I feel as if I am dying!
When you look at me *etc.*

Non t'amo più
Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo;
le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?
Folle d'amor io ti seguii, c' amammo,
e accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.
Sognai, felice, di carezze e baci
una catena dileguante in ciel:
ma le parole tue furon mendaci,
perchè l'anima tua fatta è di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso,
il mio sogno d'amor non sei piu tu;
i tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso;
sogno un altro ideal; non t'amo più.

I love you no more!
Do you still remember the day when we met;
do you still remember your promises?
In a frenzy of love, I followed you, we loved each other,
and I dreamed beside you, in a frenzy of love.
I dreamed happilly of caresses and kisses,
melting into the bliss of heaven;
but your words were false,
because your soul is made of ice.

Do you still remember?
Now my trust, my great desire,
my dreams of love are no longer you;
I do not seek your kisses, I do not think of you;
I dream of another ideal; I love you no more.

Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme,
io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier;
tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme;
tu della mente l'unico pensier.
Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,
piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te:
io, sol per appagare un tuo desire,
avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fè.

Te ne ricordi ancor? *ecc.*

In the precious days we spent together,
I strewed your path with flowers;
you were the sole hope of my heart;
you were the only thought in my mind.
You have seen me beseech you, turn pale,
you have seen me weep before you:
solely to gratify your smallest desire,
I would have sacrified my blood and my faith

Do you still remember? *etc.*

Vorrei morire

Vorrei morir ne la stagion dell'anno
quando è tiepida l'aria e il ciel sereno,
quando le rondinelle il nido fanno,
quando di nuovi fior s'orna il terreno.

Vorrei morir quando tramonta il sole,
quando sul prato dormon le viole;
lieta farebbe a Dio l'alma ritorno
a primavera e sul morir del giorno.

Ma quando in furia il nembo e la tempesta
allor che l'aria si fa scura scura,
quando ai rami una foglia più non resta,
allora di morire avrei paura.

I would that I might die

I would that I might die in that fair season
When the air is balmy and the sky unclouded,
When all the swallows here are busy nesting,
When earth is decked anew with early blossoms.

I would that I might die at the sun's setting,
When violets lie asleep upon the meadows.
Happy would be the soul that soared to Heaven
In Spring as the light of day departed.

But when the storm and tempest wildly rages,
While all the air around is dark and gloomy,
And no last leaf is left upon the branches,
The approach of Death would fill me then with the terror.

Aprile
(Italian words by R. E. Pagliara*)*

Non senti tu nel'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu nel'anima
il suon di nuova voce lusinghiera?
È l'Aprile, è l'Aprile!
È la stagion d'amore
Deh, vieni, o mia gentil
su prati 'n fiore!
Il pie trarrai fra mammole
avrai su 'l petto rose e cilestrine
e le farfale candide
t' allegeranno intorno al nero crine

April-tide
(Original words by Theo Marzials*)*

'Tis April-tide, sweet April;
The fresh bright air is full of gentle voices.
And, darling in our heart of hearts,
The old, dear love awakens and rejoices.
'Tis April-tide, sweet April,
Sweet April made for lovers
Oh come, love, side by side
Where lilac covers.
Your feet shall walk on violets,
Your hands shall hold the sweetest of all posies;
High up in air the butterflies
Shall hail you Queen of all the year's new roses.

TWO NEAPOLITAN SONGS

Occhi di fata — *Tremacoldo* Luigi Denza
Se . . . — *E. Mancini* *(1846-1922)*

Luigi Denza, singer and composer, was born in Castellamare di Stabia and studied at the Naples Conservatorio under Mercadante. His opera *Wallenstein* was produced at Naples in 1867. He settled in London in 1879, and taught singing at the Royal Academy of Music from 1898-1922. During this period he was a frequent visitor to Dublin as an adjudicator at the Feis Ceoil and indeed awarded the Gold Medal in the Tenor Solo to John McCormack in 1903 and the Silver to James Joyce the following year.

Occhi di fata
O begli occhi di fata,
O begli occhi stranissimi e profondi,
Voi m'avete rubata
La pace de la prima gioventù;
Bella signora dai capelli biondi,
Per la mia giovinezza che v'ho data
Mi darete di più?

Oh si! . . . Voi mi darete
Dei vostri baci la febbre e l'ardore,
Voi pallida cadrete
Tra le mie braccia aperte e sul mio cor . . .
De la mia gioventù prendete il fiore,
Del mio giovine sangue il fior prendete,
Ma datemi l'amor

Fairy-likes eyes
Eyes of fairy-like beauty,
Lovely eyes so remote and so mysterious,
It is you that have stolen
The peace of mind that blessed my early youth;
Beautiful lady with your golden tresses,
For the whole of my young life given for you
Have you more to give me?

Oh yes, for you reward me
With all your ardent and passionate kisses,
You come to be enfolded
Within my arms that hold you close to my heart.
From the bounty of my youth take what is fairest,
All my young ardent spirit is yours for taking,
But give to me your love.

Se . . .
Se un tuo pietoso accento
Dovrò per sempre desiare invan,
Se m'è negarto imprimerti
Ardente un baccio sulla bianca man,

Deh! non fuggirmi almeno,
E dei tuoi sguardi al magico poter,
Sorrisi, amplessi ed estasi
Mi finga inebbriato il mio pensier.

Deh! non fuggir . . . nè mai
A te non parlerò de' miei desir.
Reprimerò i miei palpiti
E asconderò le lagrime, i sospir.

Ma un dì se in cor ti leggo
Quell' amor ch'ogni speme a me rapì,
Morrò quel giorno. Ah! credilo,
Sarà l'estremo de' miei tristi dì.

If . . .
If for one word of feeling.
From you I must for ever wait in vain,
If I am not allowed to lay
A loving kiss upon your snow-white hand.

Yet do not go, I beg you,
For as your glances work their magic power,
Embraces, smiles and blissful joy
Can still be imagined in my heated brain.

Oh, do not go, for never
Shall I say more to you of lost desires.
I will control my beating heart
And hide from you my sighing and tears.

If one day though in your heart
I read love, being robbed of all my hope,
Then I shall die, oh, mark me well,
That day my life's unhappy course will end.

SONG

Nebbie

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Respighi was born in Bologna and studied there at the Liceo Musicale under Federico Sarti (violin and viola) and Giuseppe Martucci (composition). In 1900 he went to St. Petersburg as first violist in the Opera orchestra, where he took lessons in composition and orchestration from Rimsky-Korsakov who was to prove a cardinal influence on the development of his musical personality. In terms of instrumental music rather than operatic, Respighi alone brought his country back before the widest public, chiefly by means of his two symphonic poems *The Fountains of Rome* (generally considered his best work) and *The Pines of Rome.* Less well known are *Brazilian Impressions, Church Windows* and the third of the 'Roman' triptych, *Roman Festivals.* His orchestration is masterely with beauty of sound ever a major preoccupation; and his many transcriptions of Italian music of the 17th and 18th centuries (three sets of Ancient Airs and Dances for the lute) and of other 'old' music (e.g *The Birds*) are models of their kind, likewise the ballet *La Boutique Fantasque* after Rossini. Respighi also wrote nine operas and a realisation of Monteverdi's *Orfeo,* songs and a quantity of unfairly-neglected choral and vocal music.

Nebbie	*Mists*
Soffro. Lontan lontano le nebbie sonnolenti salgono dal tacente piano.	I suffer. Far away the sleepy mists are rising from the silent plain.
Alto gracchiando, i corvi, fidati all'ali nere, traversan le brughiere torvi.	High above, the cawing crows on their strong black wings fly across the moorland, ominously.
Dell'aere ai morsi crudi gli addolorati tronchi offron pregando i bronchi nudi.	To the cruel, biting winds the sad-looking trees lift their bare branches in prayer.
Come ho freddo! Son solo; pel grigio ciel sospinto un gemito d'estinto vola.	How cold I am! I am alone; through the grey sky a sign flies up from the dead.
e mi ripete: Vieni, è buia la vallata. O triste, o disamato, vieni! Vieni!	It calls to me: Come, the valley is dark. Oh sad, unloved one, come! Come!

ARIA

O Paradiso — L'Africana | Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864)

Meyerbeer spent almost twenty years composing his last opera, *L'Africaine,* which tells how Vasco Da Gama sailed to find a new land beyond Africa and is shipwrecked on the African coast. He returns to Portugal with two captives, Nelusko and Selika ('l'Africaine' of the title), with whom he has fallen in love. She finally sacrifices her life so that Vasco can marry his former love, Inez. The opera was produced a year after Meyerbeer's death at the Paris Opera in April 1865. 'O paradiso' is Vasco's apostrophe to the island of Madagascar — he is filled with wonder at the earthly paradise that he has discovered and that he wishes to claim for Portugal.

Vasco
Mi batte il cuor!
Spettacolo divin!
Sognata terra, ecco ti premo alfin!

O paradiso dall'onde uscito,
fiorente suol, splendido sol,
in voi rapito io son!
Tu m'appartieni, o nuovo mondo:
alla mia patria ti posso, ti posso offrir!
Nostro è questo terreno fecondo
che l'Europa può tutta arrichir!

Spettacolo divin, in te rapito io son!
O nuovo mondo, tu m'appartieni,
tu m'appartieni a me, a me, *ecc.*

Vasco
My heart is pounding!
O heavenly vista!
Land of my dreams, I tread your soil at last!

O paradise arisen from the sea,
verdant earth, glorious sun,
I am lost in the wonder of you!
You belong to me, new world!
To my homeland I can offer you!
Ours is this fertile land
that will enrich the whole of Europe!

Heavenly vista, I am lost in the wonder of you!
O new world, you belong to me,
you belong to me, to me, *etc.*

Interval

ARIA

È la solita storia del pastore — L'arlesiana | Francesco Cilea (1866-1950)

Cilea's opera is based upon the play *L'Arlésienne* by Alphonse Daudet. The heroine of the play never appears on the stage. Frédéric, a farmer's son, breaks off his engagement to her when he learns that his rival, a Camargue horse ranger, has been her lover, but he cannot forget her, and in the end he throws himself to death from the hay-loft on his farm. The play was produced in Paris in 1872 with wonderfully evocative incidental music composed by Georges Bizet. Cilea wrote his four-Act opera to a libretto by Leopoldo Marenco. It was first performed on 27 November, 1897 at the Teatro Lirico in Milan. This aria for Frédéric occurs in the second Act. He has come upon the Village Innocent lying half-alseep by a pool in the Camargue, repeating words that the old man Balthazar had spoken when telling him to wait there, 'The sun is setting, evening draws on'.

Federico
È la solita storia del pastore . . .
Il povero ragazzo voleva raccontarla,
e s'addormì
C'è nel sonno l'oblìo.
Come l'invidio!

Anch'io vorrei dormir così
nel sonno almen l'oblìo trovar!
La pace sol cercando vo:
Vorrei poter tutto scordar.

Pur ogni sforzo è vano;
davanti ho sempre
di lei il dolce sembiante! . . .

La pace tolta è sempre a me.
Perchè degg'io tanto penar?
Lei, sempre lei dinanzi a me!
Fatale vision, mi lascia!
Mi fai tanto male! Ahimè!

Federico
Here's the usual story of the shepherd! . . .
The poor lad surely wanted to finish his narration.
But fell asleep.
One can sleep and forget things.
He is to be envied!

I would that I could sleep like that,
And find oblivion in my sleep!
I seek peace above all else,
Desire utter forgetfulness.

In vain are all my efforts
Before me always
I see her gentle features! . . .

There can be no more peace for me.
Why must I suffer so much pain?
She, ever there, in front of me!
Oh, phantom of doom, go from me!
You hurt me far too much, alas!

SEVEN SPANISH POPULAR SONGS

El paño moruno
Seguidilla Murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

Manuel De Falla
(1876-1946)

De Falla lived in Paris from 1907 till 1914; and indeed, at one time it was suggested to him that he should give up his Spanish citizenship and became French. Though a close friend of Debussy (he composed a moving guitar solo Homage to the Frenchman after his death), his idiom is still distinctly Spanish and highly individual. The Seven Spanish Popular Songs, composed in 1914, were the result of an offer Falla made to one of the cast in his highly successful opera *La Vida Breva,* which had been performed in Paris in 1914. The singer wanted some Spanish material for a recital; Falla provided these songs.

El paño moruno
Al paño fine en la tienda,
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdío su valor.
¡Ay!

The Moroccan cloth
The fine Moroccan cloth in the shop was stained.
They sold it at a lower price because it had lost its
value. Ah!

Seguidilla murciana
Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos
Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!

Murcian Seguidilla
He who has a glass roof on his house shouldn't throw stones at his neighbour's roof. We are horsemen; perhaps we shall meet on the road.

Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y creyéndola falsa
Nadie le toma!

Because of your great fickleness, I compare you to a peseta, which, passing from hand to hand, becomes worn, and, believing it to be forged, no-one will accept it.

Asturiana
Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrimé me a un pino verde

Por ver me llorar, lloraba,
Y el pino, como era verde.

Asturian woman
To see if I could console myself, I leant on a green pine-tree

To see myself cry, I cried; and the tree, it was so green!

Jota
Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar.

Jota
They say that we don't love one another, because they don't see us talking to one another. They should ask your heart and mine!

Ya me despido de tí
De tu casa y tu ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Now I say goodbye to you, to your house and to your window; and, although your mother disapproves, Goodbye, darling, until tomorrow.

Nana
Duérmete, nino, duerme. Duerme, mi alma.
Duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana. Nanita, nana.

Lullaby
Sleep, little boy, Sleep, my soul's delight.
Sleep, little morning star. Lulla, Lullay.

Canción
Por tradidores, tus ojos,
Voy á enterrar los;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
"Del aire" Niña, e mirarlos.
"Madre á la orilla."

Song
For their treachery, I shall bury your eyes. You don't know how hard it is to look at them, "mother on the verge of air."

Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido . . .
Váyase lo ganado
"Del aire." Por lo perdido.
"Madre á la orilla."

They say that you don't love me. But you have loved me. What's past is past, "mother on the verge of air."

Polo
iAy!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
Que á nadie se la diré!
Malhaya el amor
Y quien me lo dio a entender! iAy!

Polo
Ay!
I hide an ache in my heart that I will tell no-one.
Cursed be love and he that made me understand it.

ARIA

No puede ser—La Taberna del Puerto — Pablo Sorozabal (B. 1897)

No type of lyrical play is more characteristic of modern Spain than the Zarzuela (a type of Spanish Opera, mingling dialogue with music, usually popular in nature) which has had a long and honoured history. The name was derived from the so-called *Fiestas de Zarzuela*, which in the 17th century were written by celebrated dramatists in collaboration with musicians attached to the royal court. The performances were given at the Royal Palace of La Zarzuela near Madrid for the entertainment of Philip IV and his court. The word zarzuela is derived from zarza (bramble) and refers to the wild thickets that surrounded the small palace, which was a kind of hunting lodge on the royal demesne of the Prado. Pablo Sorozabal is one of the most brilliant, and popular figures to grace the Spanish lyrical scene since 1930. Born in San Sebastian in 1897, into modest circumstances — his mother was a villager, and his father a quarryman — he began at an early age to attend free music classes of the Sociedad de Amigos Del Pais. Just before the Civil war *La Taberna de Puerto*, which was to prove a great popular success with lovers of the Zarzuelas, was presented at Teatro Tivoli in Barcelona. With a libretto by Frederico Romero and Guillermo Fernandez Shaw, it has all the ingredients of a great Zarzuela. The characters cover the whole gamut — from the soprano Marsha and the baritone Juan de Eguia to the lovestruck tenor, the drunken old sea-philosopher, and cafe owner, the alcoholic fishwife and her husband, and the dreamy adolescent. Faithfully echoing his native Basque Country, the composer suggests the atmosphere of the harbour against bold descriptions of storms at sea.

No puede ser! Esa mujer es buena;
no puede ser una mujer malvada!
En su mirar, como una luz singular
he visto que esa mujer
es una desventurada.
No puede ser una vulgar sirena
que envenenó las horas de mi vida.
No puede ser! porque la ví rezar,
porque la ví querer,
porque la ví llorar.
Los ojos que lloran
no saben mentir;

It's not possible! That woman is good
She cannot be a wicked woman. I have seen in her gaze like an extraordinary light that that woman is an unfortunate woman. She cannot be a common siren who poisoned the hours of my life.
It's not possible! Because I saw
her praying, I saw her loving, I saw her weeping.
And eyes that weep cannot lie.

las malas mujeres
no miran asi
Temblando en sus ojos
dos lágrimas ví
y a mi me ilusiona
que tiemblen por mi

Evil women do not gaze like that. I saw two tears tremble in her eyes and my dream is that they are trembling for me.

Viva luz de mi ilusión,
sé piadosa con mix amor,
porque no sé fingir,
porque no sé callar,
porque no sé vivir.

Bright light of my dream be kindly to my love
because I don't know how to pretend,
I don't know how to be silent,
I don't know how to live

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